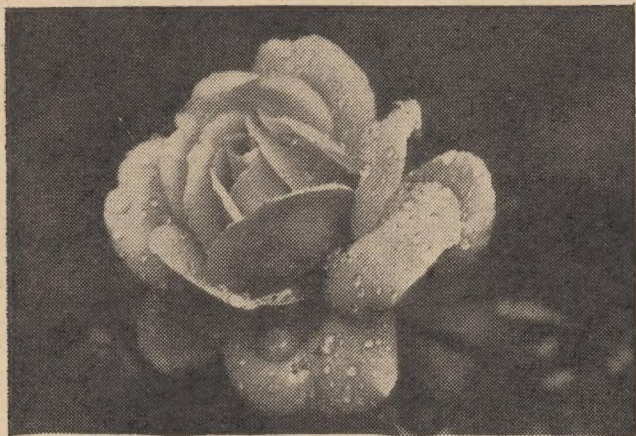


Good Morning 280

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



NICE SMELLS SCARCE

HAVE you had a tough time lately buying perfume for the girl friend? Jasmine comes no longer from Provence or roses from Bulgaria. Bergamot, the essential basis of eau-de-Cologne, is as rare as shipments of its parent, citron, from Italy. Civet—from civet cats—is no longer exported from Addis Ababa.

The war changed the whole business of the perfumers.

It used to take 5,000 pounds of tuberose to make two and a half pounds of essence, and sometimes the chemists experimented for three years to distill a new perfume.

Before the war I visited one of the great scent factories at Grasse, near Cannes. It was like a perfumed dairy, full of pretty girls and jars of mystic essences.

At Grasse they scattered millions of flower petals a year on slides of fat, jonquils, and violets, and lavender, and then refined away the fat to the last few pounds of perfumed oil.

To-day, manufacturers develop synthetic perfumes in the chemist's laboratory. Oil of cassia is mainly cinnamic aldehyde; the perfume of hawthorn is made from amiric aldehyde.

That delicate hint of musk is really a smell of nitro-isobutyl toluence. Other scent substitutes are prepared from the ethers and esters known to medicine. The sweet charm of hyacinth oil is in reality chloro-styrene, and jasmine oil is now produced from petrol.

Perfumers, experimenting with naphthalene and styrolol acetate, stir them in new mixtures and give them new names, but bottles of scent still take finding.

Yet perfumery has been prospering so long that it seems an age since Coty peddled his scents round Paris. He became ten times a millionaire.

Firms such as Caron and Guerlain (working from London and New York headquarters) are accustomed to trade in ylang ylang from the far Philippines and patchouli from Sumatra. Whales bring their ambergris and musk is from the Himalayas.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Says Peter Davis

Perfumes are purchased to match moods, and the most expensive moods to match require Joie at £9 an ounce or Shalimar at £4.

It would be surprising if the war had not upset the traffic in scents. Toluene, one of the musk substitutes, is also an ingredient for T.N.T.

Castor oil, which has for years supplied the scent of jasmine to face creams, is now required as an aircraft lubricant. The phenols and acetates are snatched up for war chemicals.

The price of lavender has trebled. Oak moss, long disregarded in English woods, is suddenly of value as a substitute for the extract of oak lichen usually imported from France.

The perfumier relies, too, on expensive vials and packages. There is now much more important work for the makers of such things to do.

"What Criminal Forgot"—Stuart Martin probes Faint Scratches—Noose Gets Man



IN the Black Museum of Scotland Yard there is an ordinary carpenter's chisel with a wooden handle. The blade is about an inch and a quarter wide.

That chisel gave the police more trouble to find a murderer than any other article of the period involved. Yet the clue was there while twelve months passed and the crime was almost forgotten.

He was a fairly clever murderer, this one; but he forgot something. Even then he tried, probably for the first time in crime annals, to escape the police by walking into a prison! That was really original.

But first the murder. One dark, foggy December night in the year 1882, P.C. Cole was doing his rounds at 9.30 along Ashwin Street, Dalston, when he heard, from somewhere near, the sharp click of metal against metal.

P.C. Cole was passing a Baptist chapel at the time. He, as well as other constables in the district, knew that there was, in the chapel, a valuable collection of Communion plate.

So P.C. Cole did what in police language is called "investigate the occurrence." He slipped into the chapel area and tiptoed round to the vestry. And there he saw, dimly, through the fog, a man trying to force a window.

P.C. Cole thought he had his man. He "ordered him to desist" and put forward his hand to arrest the intending burglar. There was a struggle, the suspect broke away, drew a revolver, and fired four shots at the constable.

Two shots went wide, one hit the policeman's truncheon case, the fourth struck into his brain. Down went P.C. Cole—dead. Off went the murderer into the fog.

As he fled he was seen by a young woman who happened to be passing along the street; but the glance was only fleeting. Fog covered him like a blanket.

The sound of the shots brought two other policemen on the scene, led by the young woman. On the ground near the body of P.C. Cole they found a soft black felt hat and the chisel.

There was not any name in the lining of the hat by which its owner could be traced, or even where it was bought. The chisel and the hat were taken to Scotland Yard.

Discarding the hat, therefore, as useless for identification purposes, the experts of the Yard concentrated on the chisel. They examined it from every point of view under powerful magnifying glasses. On the handle they found some indistinct scratches which seemed to form the word "rock."

Now, it is a well-known maxim of professional burglars never to have a mark on their tools, never to permit any clue to give them away. Burglars, as a class, do not send their visiting cards to the police in that way, asking them to call and arrest them.

In any case, this was not a name. It was just a word without a capital letter—"rock," scrawled clumsily, and it could not be seen with the naked eye.

The Yard authorities sent out men all over London to call on tool makers, on cabinet makers, on carpenters, on old junk shops, and new tool shops, to see if this chisel could be identified. Not one of the people visited had ever seen it before. The clue fizzled out. A reward of £200 was offered for information, but the murderer remained unknown.

P.C. Cole was buried, and, as the months went by, the public forgot. But so, too, did the murderer.

A year passed and other crimes took up the time and attention of the Yard. But, as I have said in a previous article, there must be a clue,

if only it can be spotted, to lead to the true destination. The police searched every waste dump; they dragged the Regent's Canal—and up came the revolver in the drag. They found it was a nickel-plated pin-fire weapon.

One day, when handling the chisel, a detective in the Yard threw back his head and did some thinking. He had noted one thing about the chisel which had been noted before, only he paid more attention to this fact than had been given by others. He saw that the chisel had been sharpened.

The detective argued like this: Why look for the owner in new tool shops when this is an old tool? Why look in old junk shops when this tool shows signs of having been used a lot, therefore likely to be forgotten by junk-shop owners? Why not go through some of these small shops where tools are sharpened, tiny shops in back streets which do odd jobs for people?

The detective slammed his hat on his head and went off with the chisel. He went to several of the shops in Dalston, and finally to a little place run by a Mrs. Preston, a widow.

He asked her if she ever sharpened tools. She said she did, now and then. He asked her if she remembered sharpening that one. She handled it, but didn't remember. The detective asked her if she could explain the scratching of the word "rock."

The woman replied that she usually scratched the name of her client on the handle of the tool. She scratched it with a nail.

"Yes," she said, "that is my scratching. The nice young chap who came here with it, came on and off with tools. His name was Orrock."

The detective left the shop and hurried back to the Yard. Then somebody had a brain-wave. The handle was photographed carefully by the best type of camera available in those days. Then the negative was enlarged. On the enlargement, very faint, were the missing letters, so faint that they were hardly visible.

Why had the first two letters been so nearly completely obliterated? The man who used that tool had rubbed so often with his thumb on that spot that he had worn away the scratching.

Orrock! Orrock! Was there a man of that name who could be interviewed? But the police had heard the name before. There was a young man named Orrock who lived in Dalston and was a shiftless kind of nondescript, a lounge about street corners. The net was cast for Orrock.

But though the police, like the Apostles, "toiled all night (and day), they caught nothing." At least, not Orrock.

But they did get from a fellow lounge, named Miles, that Orrock had once said he

comes to see her little niece the doll "Joey" is thrust hurriedly into a cupboard.

"And how does Gwendoline like her Christmas present?" says the aunt. The kind aunt, of course, means well.

"Oh, she likes 'Joey,'" says her mother, with her cheeks faintly pink.

"I don't see it about anywhere," declares the aunt smilingly.

"No, we're keeping it," says the mother skilfully, "until she's a little older."

All's well at home, Douglas. Ann and Gwendoline are very fit—as you can see—and happy. Both send their warmest love; not forgetting "Joey"!

Result: When the aunt

Good Hunting!

'Joey' is Cock o' the Walk A.B. Douglas Oldham

GWENDOLINE, "Joey" and "Polly Ann" are the principal characters in this story of a 14-month-old "Queen" who rules her subjects with an iron hand.

But it isn't a fairy tale, for the first-named is your baby girl, A.B. Douglas Oldham, and the other two are the battered but faithful dolls which form her royal "court."

And when we called at

your home, 6 Wain Street, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent, we heard from your wife, Mrs. Ann Oldham, all the naive, childish details about the queen's eyes and he who did not.

But the story begins six months ago, when a smiling young submariner came home on leave—bringing with him "Polly Ann."



From the moment that Queen Gwendoline first saw "Polly Ann" the latter became a royal favourite.

The little girl was to be seen during all her waking hours clutching the doll and dragging it around by one leg. At night-time, after kissing a photograph of a young sailorman "good-night," she would insist on taking the doll to bed with her.

Then "Joey" came along. ("Joey" was another doll, kindly supplied by one of the "Queen's" aunts—Mrs. Lily Hadfield—at Christmas time.)

But "Joey" had a tough break from the start. He was at once the subject of disdainful glances from his young ruler, and ever since, whenever he comes within sight, he meets the ignoble fate of being tossed unceremoniously into a corner of the room.



IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Parcel Post was established in England in 1883, when the maximum weight for a parcel was 7lb.

Recreative Religionists was the name given to a body of men who sought to popularise natural religion by courses of scientific lectures. Lectures given by such eminent men as Huxley and Carpenter were very popular, and led to the formation of the Sunday Lecture Society.

The boiling-point of water is not, as you might suppose, always the same, but it varies from day to day with the atmospheric pressure. It rises about 1.6 degrees Fahrenheit when the barometer rises an inch.

Diamond Rock, off Martinique, in the West Indies, was occupied by British forces in 1804 and commissioned as H.M.S. Diamond. The ship later surrendered to the French because of lack of ammunition.

QUIZ for today

1. A chopine is a piece of mutton, musical term, shoe, musk rat, tailor's iron?
2. Who wrote (a) The Amazing Marriage, (b) Marriage?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Tiverton, Tavistock, Totnes, Tonbridge, Torrington, Torquay?
4. Who was the wife of Ananias?
5. For what do the initials C.I.D. stand?
6. What public officials carry snuff as part of their duties?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Camisole, Commissar, Caraffe, Caramel, Carapace?
8. What is the colour of the Victoria Cross ribbon?
9. What were the Christian names of (a) Nelson, (b) Gladstone?
10. Does an elephant drink through his trunk?
11. With what sport do you associate Fred Perry?
12. Name four well-known broadcasters whose first name is Jack.

Answers to Quiz in No. 279

1. Piece of meat.
2. (a) T. Love Peacock, (b) Kenneth Grahame.
3. Wellington was a soldier; others sailors.
4. Chess.
5. The Isis.
6. Ethelred.
7. Immaculate, Imbecile.
8. The Empress Theodora, wife of Justinian I of the Roman Empire, in the 6th century.
9. Kent.
10. (a) Sultana, (b) Goose.
11. Venison.
12. Maritana, Mastersingers, Marriage of Figaro.

ODD QUOTES

Give me books, fruit, French wine, and fine weather, and a little music out of doors, played by somebody I do not know.

Keats.

Though we cannot out-vote them, we will out-argue them.

Dr. Johnson.

The men with the muck-rakes are often indispensable to the well-being of society; but only if they know when to stop raking the muck.

Theodore Roosevelt.

A soldier entered a London store and asked the salesman if he knew of a man with one leg named Jones.

"What's the name of the other leg?" asked the salesman.

Worried Mother: "I don't know what to do with baby."

Young Son: "Didn't we have a book of instructions with it, Mum?"

JANE



"I shall hang you before sunrise"

"MY uncle kept me strictly in my room until evening," continued the girl, "and then ordered me to dress myself as you see me—a hard mockery for a young girl, do you not think so? I suppose, when he could not prevail with me to tell him the young captain's name, he must have laid a trap for him, into which, alas! you have fallen in the anger of God. I looked for much confusion, for how could I tell whether he was willing to take me for his wife on these sharp terms?"

"He might have been trifling with me from the first, or I might have made myself too cheap in his eyes. But truly I had not looked for such a shameful punishment as this! I could not think that God would let a girl be so disgraced before a young man. And now I have told you all, and I can scarcely hope that you will not despise me."

Denis made her a respectful inclination.

"Madam," he said, "you have honoured me by your confidence. It remains for me to prove that I am not unworthy of the honour. Is Messire de Maletroit at hand?"

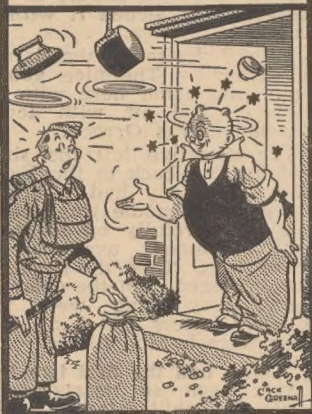
"I believe he is writing in the salle without," she answered.

"May I lead you thither, madam?" asked Denis, offering his hand with his most courtly bearing.

She accepted it, and the pair passed out of the chapel, Blanche in a very drooping and shamefast condition, but Denis strutting and ruffling in the consciousness of a mission and the boyish certainty of accomplishing it with honour.

The Sire de Maletroit rose to meet them with an ironical obeisance.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Billeted here? Welcome, son! You'll be treated like one of the family—!"

"Sir," said Denis, with the grandest possible air, "I believe I am to have some say in the matter of this marriage; and let me tell you at once, I will be no party to forcing the inclination of this young lady. Had it been freely offered to me, I should have been proud to accept her hand, for I perceive she is as good as she is beautiful; but, as things are, I have now the honour, messire, of refusing."

Blanche looked at him with gratitude in her eyes;

THE SIRE DE MALETROIT'S DOOR

By Robert Louis Stevenson

PART IV

but the old gentleman only smiled and smiled, until his smile grew positively sickening to Denis.

"I am afraid," he said, "Monsieur de Beaulieu, that you do not perfectly understand the choice I have to offer you. Follow me, I beseech you, to this window."

He led the way to one of the large windows which stood open on the night.

"You observe," he went on, "there is an iron ring in the upper masonry, and, reeved through that, a very efficacious rope. Now, mark my words, if you should find your disinclination to my niece's person insurmountable, I shall have you hanged out of this window before sunrise."

"I shall only proceed to such an extremity with the greatest regret, you may believe me. For it is not at all your death that I desire, but my niece's establishment in life. At the same time, it must come to that if you prove obstinate. Your family, Monsieur de Beaulieu, is very well in its way; but if you sprang from Charlemagne, you should not refuse the hand of a Maletroit with impunity. The honour of my house has been compromised; I believe you to be the guilty person."

"It will be no great satisfaction to me to have your interesting relics kicking their heels in the breeze below my windows; but half a loaf is better than no bread, and if I cannot cure the dishonour, I shall at least stop the scandal."

There was a pause.

"I believe there are other ways of settling such imbrolios among gentlemen," said Denis. "You wear a sword, and I hear you have used it with distinction."

The Sire de Maletroit made a signal to the chaplain, who crossed the room with long silent strides and raised the arras over the third of the three doors.

It was only a moment before he let it fall again, but Denis had time to see a dusky passage full of armed men.

"When I was a little younger I should have been delighted to honour you, Mon-

sieur de Beaulieu," said Sire Alain, "but I am now too old. Faithful retainers are the sinews of age, and I must employ the strength I have. You and the lady seem to prefer the salle for what remains of your two hours, and as I have no desire to cross your preference I shall resign it to your use with all the pleasure in the world."

"No haste!" he added, holding up his hand as he saw a dangerous look come into Denis'

flushed and excited, and her eyes shone with tears. "You shall not die!" she cried. "You shall marry me after all."

"You seem to think, madam," replied Denis, "that I stand much in fear of death."

Denis looked at Blanche, and she made him an imploring gesture.

It is likely that the old gentleman was hugely pleased at this symptom of an understanding, for he smiled on both and added sweetly:

"If you will give me your word of honour, Monsieur de Beaulieu, to await my return at the end of the two hours before attempting anything desperate, I shall withdraw my retainers and let you speak in greater privacy with mademoiselle."

Denis again glanced at the girl, who seemed to beseech him to agree.

"I give you my word of honour," he said. Messire de Maletroit bowed, and proceeded to limp about the apartment, clearing his throat the while with that odd musical chirp which had already grown so irritating in the ears of Denis de Beaulieu. He first possessed himself of some papers which lay upon the table; then he went to the mouth of the passage and appeared to give an order to the men behind the arras; and lastly he hobbled out through the door by which Denis had come in, turning upon the threshold to address a last smiling bow to the young couple, and followed by the chaplain with a hand-lamp.

No sooner were they alone than Blanche advanced toward Denis with her hands extended. Her face was

DO YOU KNOW?

Taverns were not known in England before the 13th century. In Edward the Third's time there were only three in London, one in Cheapside, one in Walbrook, and the third in Lombard Street.

With Our Roving Cameraman



OUR CAT SAYS IT'S EASY.

The kids of New Guinea have one excitement—apart from hiding from Japs—and that is Cat's Cradle. They can make the most intricate and geometrical patterns with home-made string. Some of them can even make the outlines of animals and birds. And then, like life in New Guinea, they snuff it all out and begin a new pattern. Some of the patterns are centuries old.

flushed and excited, and her eyes shone with tears.

"You shall not die!" she cried. "You shall marry me after all."

"You seem to think, madam," replied Denis, "that I stand much in fear of death."

"Oh, no, no," she said, "I see you are no poltroon. It is for my own sake—I could not bear to have you slain for such a scruple."

"I am afraid," returned Denis, "that you underestimate the difficulty, madam. What you may be too generous to refuse, I may be too proud to accept. In a moment of noble feeling toward me, you forget what you perhaps owe to others."

He had the decency to keep his eyes upon the floor as he said this, and after he had finished, so as not to spy upon her confusion. She stood silent for a moment, then walked suddenly away, and, falling on her uncle's chair, fairly burst out sobbing.

Denis was in the acme of embarrassment. He looked round, as if to seek for inspiration, and, seeing a stool, plumped down upon it for something to do.

There he sat, playing with the guard of his rapier, and wishing himself dead a thousand times over, and buried in the nastiest kitchen-heap in France.

The regular sobs of Blanche de Maletroit measured out the time like the ticking of a clock. He read the device upon the shield over and over again, until his eyes became obscured; he stared into shadowy corners until he imagined they were swarming with horrible animals; and every now and again he awoke with a start, to remember that his last two hours were running, and death was on the march.

Often and oftener, as the time went on, did his glance settle on the girl herself. Her face was bowed forward and covered with her hands, and she was shaken at intervals by convulsive grief.

(To be continued.)

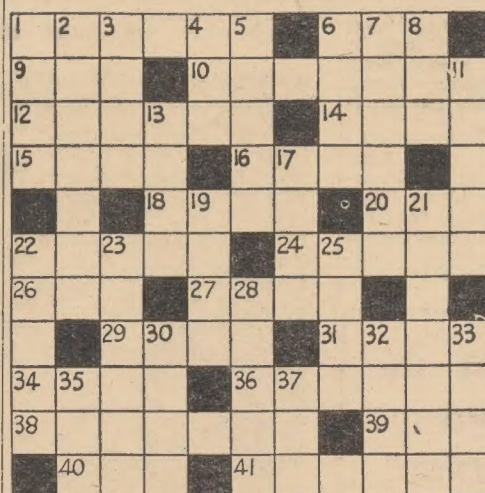
WANGLING WORDS—235

1. Put a laugh in SRA, and get a sandy waste.
2. Rearrange the letters of LEARN TOM, and make a Canadian city.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: GOAL into LINE, SHOW into GIRL, WHITE into STARS, CRAB into POTS.
4. How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from ANTICIPATED?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 234

1. INverness.
2. MANITOBA.
3. HARD, CARD, CORD, COLD, BOLD, BALD, BALL, PALL, PULL, LACE, LACK, LANK, BANK, BAND, BEND, BEAD, LEAD, LEAL, VEAL, VEIL, CATS, CARS, CART, CAST, LAST, LEST, NEST, NEAT, MEAT, SIDE, SITE, SITS, PITS, PETS, PEAS, PEAT, BEAT, BRAT, BRAG, DRAG, DRUG, DRUM.
4. (a) CI-VI-L, civil; (b) LI-VI-D, livid; (c) CI-VI-C, civic.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

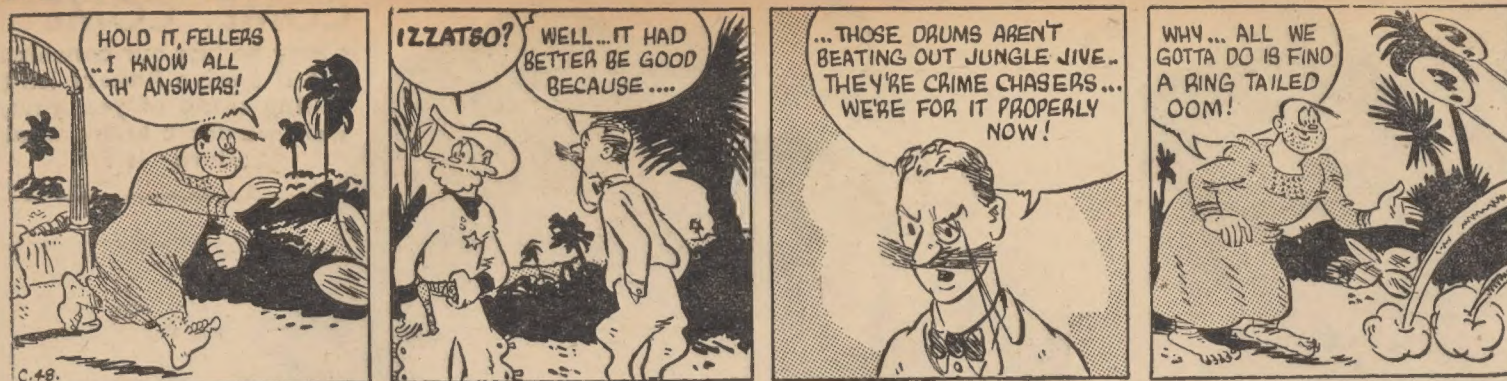
- 1 Exulted.
- 6 Reptile.
- 9 Bird.
- 10 To be seen.
- 12 Penetration.
- 14 Consider.
- 15 Way.
- 16 In colour.
- 18 Stop.
- 20 Favourable attention.
- 22 Lariat.
- 24 Hot drink.
- 26 Badly.
- 27 Excuse.
- 29 Besides.
- 31 In good order.
- 34 Indian.
- 36 Satisfy.
- 38 Lower tone of.
- 39 Was in chair.
- 40 Number.
- 41 Alight.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Shoe.
- 2 Detailed account.
- 3 Burden.
- 4 Day before.
- 5 Wild dog.
- 6 Await.
- 7 Did as told.
- 8 Drink.
- 11 Course corundum.
- 13 Livery stable.
- 17 Scold.
- 19 Bitter cones.
- 21 Naval officer.
- 22 Lead.
- 23 Heavy hammer.
- 25 Grain.
- 28 Conduct.
- 30 Desolate.
- 32 Oxidise.
- 33 Allot.
- 35 Meshed fabric.
- 37 Notice.

COT MIDDLES
ANEMONE LED
SCRAP PLACE
SEND TAUTEN
I EMERGED
ATE ANT DEW
ENCLOSE A
JAGUAR ALMS
OSIER TROUT
BEN ISOLATE
DEBASE FED

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



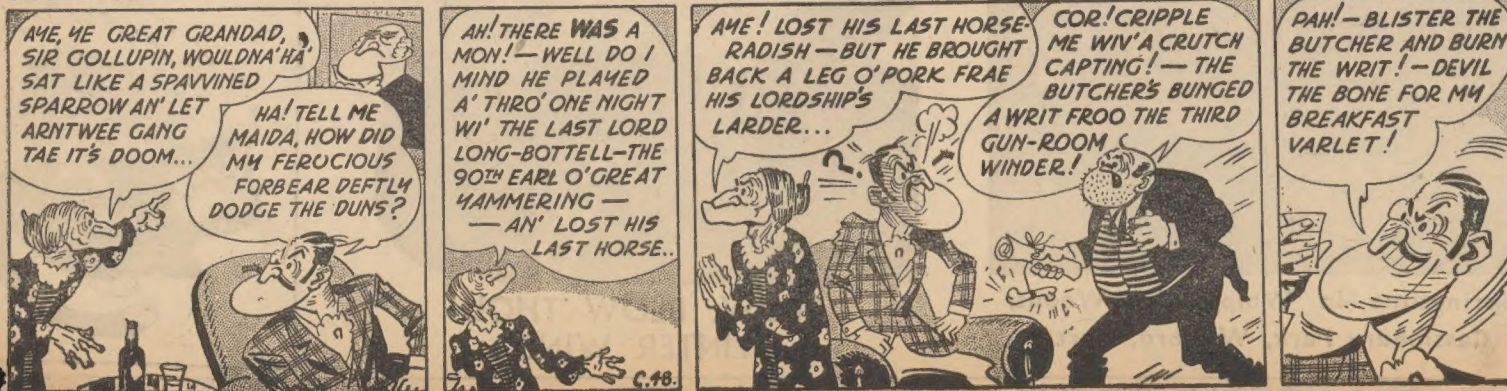
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy

By ODO DREW

THE following letter from Aunt Fanny is published without prejudice, promise or guarantee that the goods would be as specified. In any case, sailors have taken plenty of risks in this war. So, without further preamble, here is the letter, and this is Odo Drew disclaiming any responsibility.

The Buttanben,
High Skye,
Ayont the Hebrides.

Ma Wee Nephew dearie,
As ye ken weel enough ma late misfortunate was caused by ma celebratin' ma election tae tak' ower the "Good Mornin'" letters and sic like from the poor wee laddies wha gang oot in the submarines, bless them aw.

But noo Ah've got ower the bad whusky o' that ranter, Donal Mac Milmac, wha's died and gane, as serves him richt for drinkin' that kale-yard stuff. Och, aye!

I kinda feel my life's wark is but comin'—to bring a good womman's sympathy and knowin' (an' I ken more than I'll tell ye, ma wee mannie) into the bothers and whig-maleeries o' the gallant men wha are defendin' us frae the ravaging of them muckle big beasts ca'd Nazis.

Whit would happen tae me if the lusting, pursuin' creatures ever cam to High Skye maks me shiver. Maybe I'd gae them more than they wanted if they peepit through ma winda at night time.

But if a British submariner cam along, maybe he would be asked in at the front door, Ah'm thinkin'.

But although Ah have a heart filled wi' sympathy, I dinna ken that Ah'm so sure about my understanding. And maybe Ah am. This is the real object o' ma writin' to ye. Dinna ye think, as a man o' the world, that maybe Ah'd be better able tae dae the job if I got married? It would be a change. Och, aye!

Maybe—would it no'?—add tae my knowledge o' the male sex and their habits.

But, mind ye, Ah'm kind o' doubting things, and feel the subject is both dreadful and delightfu'.

Will ye ask some o' your submarine freens if any ane of them would like to get into harness wi' me? (Am I no gettin' aw journalistic o' a sudden?)

Weel, ye ken me; so tell ony inquirers wha may have a mind to think about it, that Ah hae a wee bit income, some o' it invested in Dunoon Burgh three per cents. (Maybe later Ah'll write ye about the len o' that five pun ye mention.)

An' ye might say to your freens that Ah've got a very affectionate feelin', but the proof o' the puddin' is in the eatin' so tae speak.

There's nae doot Ah'd be gaein' up my liberty, but I've been telled there's compensations in marriety life, but bein' a lifelong abstainer I keen naethin' about that maybe. Ony way, Ah'll be hopin' tae hear frae ye soon, and Ah'm sendin' a bit drawin' of mysel' which maybe will be useful.

Your affectionate aunty,
FANNY MacMUCKY.

P.S.—Whit about a petty officer? Lieutenants an' commanders are aw richt, but Ah'm thinkin' they'd be ower green and unripe (or maybe they'd be ower ripe and no' green enough).

—ODD QUOTES—

Great things are done when men and mountains meet;

This is not done by jostling in the street.

William Blake.

Truth can never be told so as to be understood, and not be believed.

William Blake.

I have read somewhere or other—in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think—that History is Philosophy teaching by examples.

Viscount Bolingbroke (1678-1751).

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
Thou fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?

Robert Bridges.

Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

Rupert Brooke.

The cool kindness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets.

Rupert Brooke.

Good Morning

CAN WE COME?



"Sometimes you're a nuisance, you know. I don't always want to take you. Don't look at me like that. Oh, damn it! How the heck can I leave you?"

★ **COME, COME**
 "It may be just our conceit; but if Evelyn Ankers isn't calling some of you guys, well, we don't know what 'allure' is!"
 ★



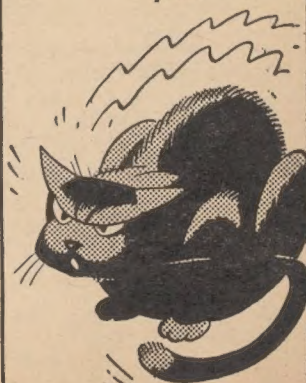
TWINS AND TRIPLETS



BLOW, BLOW THOU WINTER WIND

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Oh, BLOW you."



This England Springtime in Whippendal Woods, Cassiobury Park, Watford, Herts.